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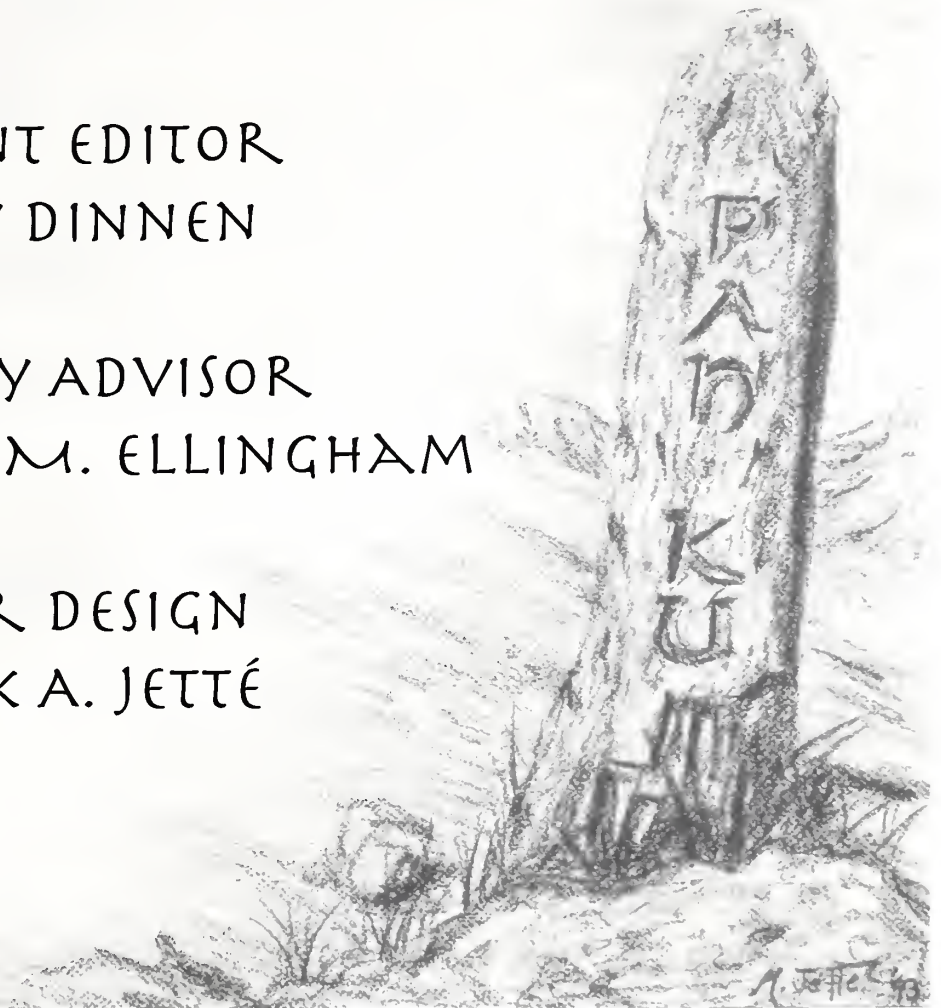


P'AN KU  
40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE  
1964-2004

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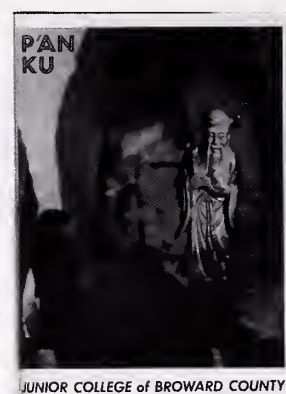
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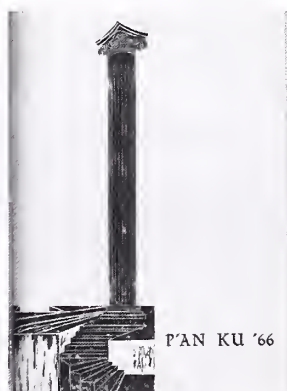


From P'an Ku we derive Yin and Yang. He is the primeval man born from the egg. One day the egg split open and the top half became the sky and the bottom half the Earth. After 18,000 years, P'an Ku died and split into a number of parts. His head formed the Sun and Moon. His blood the rivers and seas. His hair the forests, sweat the rain, breath the wind, and voice the thunder. His fleas became the ancestors of mankind.

## the 1960s



4 1960s





The Night Man  
ELLEN LOUGHLIN  
1967

The night man pads across the room—  
Wearing gloves and watching shadows cold.  
Knowing sound could spell his doom,  
He hushes drapes into silent folds.

Darkness wanes the wall's dull glow.  
Finding the room placid and deep asleep,  
Keeping it quiet with movements slow,  
He listens to its snores so sweet.

Quickly, the night man gathers his needs—  
Trembling, he tiptoes the mischievous floor,  
Suffocating from fear for haunting deeds,  
He rushes gratefully for the door!

She And I  
JEAN CLARK  
1965

When you pronounce her name to me I chill  
And hear, as in a cloistered corridor,  
The distant fall of disappearing feet.  
As if a door beyond the hall should close  
Or open comes the silent after-sound,  
Dissolving as it floods my waiting ground.  
But look, the tapestry endures; the pose  
Long-fixed by the long-dead hands can meet  
The chilling damp, the silence of the door.  
Does not that woven lady linger still?



Drawing by Smiggen 1965

Mean Lyrics  
in search of music  
G. D. EISMAN  
1968

It's not the "yes" or the "no"  
The love or the hate,  
The rope that saves or the one that hangs!  
It's the in-betweens—  
The "maybe", the like,  
Or the tightrope  
That somehow is never . . . tight!  
And as for lights  
It's not the red or the green,  
The sun or the shade!  
But it's the yellow  
That's neither go nor stop  
And the dusk  
That's neither day nor night!  
FOR THIS!  
I've got an aversion.

The bongo drums pound out their beat.  
The fatted calf is prepared to eat.  
Wet lips of lovers part to meet  
As the admirals set sail the fleet

Flooding notes the brass trumpets play.  
The rounded words know what to say.  
A hungry dog looks up to bay  
As holy monks kneel down to pray . . .

The mournful wind breathes in to blow.  
Virgin fields must the farmer sow.  
The grazing cattle softly low  
As the heavens send down the snow

Then all stop! . . .  
And wait —  
To filtrate,  
Separate,  
Cultivate,  
Impregnate,  
Penetrate, Perpetrate  
Into the silence,  
The waiting silence,  
The frozen silence.  
Waiting for rhythm,  
On-coming rhythm,

Pulsating rhythm!  
THE POUNDING BEAT!  
The sweet pounding beat,  
The overlapping sheet,  
That all wait to meet.

But the crowd will not wait  
And stands  
And leaves  
For dinner at eight  
Not knowing  
They are already late!

ii  
I've got an aversion!

For rains that only drizzle,  
For bombs that only fizzle,  
And fires that only sizzle!  
For Smith and Jones,  
And skin and bones  
That neither dogs nor vultures want!

If walls are built,  
Make them high  
Towards the sky  
With glass and razor tops!  
It's the flat and wide,  
The stout and strong,  
That make sitting easy!  
FOR THIS!  
I've got an aversion.

For the march with no protest;  
For the prize with no contest;  
And the tired wearied unrest;  
FOR THIS!

A comma neither starts nor ends.  
A sentence the hyphen just suspends.  
AND ET CETERA,  
So forth and more to come.  
FOR THIS!

It's not the "yes" or the "no"  
 The love or the hate,  
 The rope that saves or the one that hangs!  
 It's the in-betweens—  
 The "maybe", the like,  
 Or the tightrope  
 That somehow is never . . . tight!  
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 As holy monks kneel down to pray . . .

The mournful wind breathes in to blow.

Image of War  
 JUANITA WOODS  
 1968

Before the mirror of light  
 Scrapped desperately across the currents,  
 There seems to be a band of blush  
 Separating sea and heaven. This sight fades  
 As if, gold wash had splashed the canvas  
 Proclaiming the cold of dawn.  
 The shattered mirror veils  
 The currents of blood and the movements  
 Of a shrinking earth.

In Yonder Land  
 KEVIN O'BRIEN  
 1968

A flower grew in yonder land  
 that bloomed but once a year.  
 Its radiance filled the land.  
 Its beauty —  
                                 beyond compare  
 Then came a man, who, walking careless  
 uprooted bloom and stem  
 And after that the land grew dark,  
 and flowers  
                                 never bloomed again.

A Bell Tolls  
 JOHN SHAEFER  
 1968

A bell tolls  
 The grey mist  
 Sneaks across  
 A cold dead field  
 Into the forest of  
 Bewilderment.

A real dream  
 Dies  
 Despairs  
 Icy fingers  
 Crawl across the  
 Dead body of  
 Hope.

I asked  
 Little,  
 I gave  
 Everything.  
 I am left with  
 Nothing.



The Aqua of Love  
DAVID CHIRA

Upon this mind, alone and tense,  
Frolicking through the past, the  
Timeless streams of memories'  
Dreams scream upon my breasts.

We two of love and youth  
tasted the wilds of the rarest fruits.  
Watched the dancing of the bubbling  
Sea, and ran through shores of  
pastures green.

Oh, in youth so striking a splendor  
The tides of emotions  
The beauty of you.  
Sigh, my love, sigh; the oceans  
Have changed.  
The tides have gone, and all that  
Is left are the chipped shells  
Of a memory.

Premonition  
JIM ROBINSON  
1965

The dust swung from side to side  
While entering my chamber.  
The particles glittered in warm sunlight  
While descending almost vexing upon me.  
Suddenly my heart skipped a beat  
While my eyes turned to stone, immoveable.  
The dust fell, and fell, and fell.

Poem  
APRIL ROBINSON  
1965

A kite soared wild up in the sky.  
It looked like a head I saw.  
It tried to rise up out of sight  
But each time, came jolting back.  
I turned to ask the man with its string  
Why he restricted its flight  
But I saw when I turned, that his head was not there—  
Only the string was attached.

Apocalypse  
TRENT EVANS

The earth is wracked by ruin  
Mankind, save one, is gone  
And he from whom all souls were hewn  
Shall pass in death with coming dawn.

His eyes shall sweep the barren plain  
His gaze shall linger on the sea  
Upon his earth once scourged by pain  
Rests peace for all eternity.

From that lone crest he begs for death  
Man's every dream has flown  
Thus he partakes the dying breath  
Heaven and earth now stand alone.

Perhaps someday an eye shall see  
An earth mature and grown  
A world where man and God are free  
Where sin and death will not be known.

A Summer's Day  
LORI REA  
1968

Mama was gone. After hours of searching, there was no doubt about that.

I don't know how the argument started, or do I know when, but the intense heat of late summer seemed to kindle it and nothing could quench it. What I did know, even though I was much too young to really understand, was that the days of sweet security and lackadaisical content were over.

As I think of that summer, it brings to the surface all the anxiety, despair, and apprehension that confused my childish mind. The nauseous wave that thrashed about me when I realized that Mama was gone again drowns my heart.

A few days before she left it seemed as though everything was going to be all right. During the nights and early morning hours, my sleep was no longer tormented awake by Papa's roars and Mama's choking sobs. But, silence was almost as terrifying as the chaos had been, as I lay in my bed waiting for the slashing tongues and mournful cries.

Supper was served at the usual hour with a minimum of hostile glares and tart accusations. The laughter still did not return — I hardly dared to breathe — but that would come, I thought, that would come.

But the laughter did not come, and in my young heart I thought it never would.

The day she left began as a very cheerful day. School had gone extremely well and spirits were high. I burst into the house hoping to spread my enthusiastic fervor, but instead, was met only by the echo of a deserted house.

I think I knew at once that she had gone for good but I still ran hopefully into every room calling her name. My first instinct was to run to her closet to see if she had taken anything but the unconscious knowledge of what I would find prevented me from it.

The hours of searching and waiting had begun. I called all her friends and practically begged them to tell me she was there. I ran to the grocer's, the beautician's, the post office, all to no avail.

Darkness came and the nausea in my stomach was growing, not from hunger, though that would be

justified, but from my sinking hopes.

Night edged on but sleep would not come and ease my frustration. My final alternative was at hand but I couldn't seem to face the cold, hard truth. I knew that if I opened the closet door any comforting doubts would disappear.

All my courage was at last mustered and I crept into Mama's room. The chill that met me was almost like a sneer and I cowered before it. A gust of wind rustled the curtains and, as I was about to flee without completing my mission, eased open the closet door.

The empty hangers jangled and clanked and sounded like a shrill laugh, the unoccupied hat and shoe boxes slid across the floor and tissue paper was carried upward and floated slowly down. Soon all was still again and the door banged solidly shut, but the magnitude of the moment filled me with terror and confirmed my fear that Mama was gone.

The tears that longed to escape the entire day finally began streaming down my face. Never had I felt so alone and totally lost. I don't know how long it took; it seemed like hours but in reality was probably a few minutes, until sleep, so deep and mending, dried my weary eyes.

Even now, years after, it never ceases to amaze me that the sun still shines and life doesn't cease now that Mama's gone.

Dedication: To Success  
FRANK BRENNER

Upon the stage you're cheered and loved  
Idolized and cherished  
Off the stage you walk alone  
Life and joy and cheers have perished.

In the dark I often wander  
Searching faces endlessly  
Strolling down those endless byways  
Looking where I cannot see.

I well know that life is cruel  
I'll see the fading of the light  
But I will rise with blazing day  
Before I fall to lasting night.

A Long Weekend  
WILLIAM HAMPTON  
1968

Oh, if it were possible  
And if I had the time,  
I'd go somewhere for several days  
And leave my brain behind.

I'd wait—  
Until my mind grew weary  
Of keeping me from me.  
I'd watch—  
And when it was the least aware  
I'd quickly disengage myself  
And slowly sneak downstairs.

I'd creep along the hallway  
As the night sneaks from the day;  
And if my mind did not scream out  
I'd fling out wide the door,  
And stand and stare with joy and fear  
At what I'd never seen before  
(At what I'd never seen before)  
In my front yard.

Oh, if it were possible  
And if I had the time,  
I'd go somewhere for several days  
And slowly lose my mind.

Sea of Life  
SUSAN STEVENS

Life's but a series of tumultuous waves upon the sea,  
Pulling all but the dead in its tow.  
We are caught like pebbles in the tide;  
Picked up, rolled over, and dropped,  
Only to be picked up again by the following roll.  
Tumbling and turning through times  
The pebbles are crushed, banged, and broken;  
Until they are dropped upon the peaceful shores of death.

Green Eyes  
ANNA MARIE MILLS  
1968

because your green eyes haunt me now  
because your eyes haunt  
because our green love haunts me now  
what good is paint and prose  
what use poetry and prayer  
what use society and pose

we who have emotions to eat  
life to drink and pains to feel  
why at altars should we kneel  
bowing proud heads to sightless  
rumors of unfelt powers

the subterranean world of hate  
may shade our sheathes of white  
to extinguish the light of green eyes  
but the high pitch of love shatters all

and we rise above the ruins  
rise and give birth  
to the simple shining light  
of green eyes



The Caboose  
FRED PETERSON  
1969

The old man bolted upright in his cot with an urgent, fearful, "No!" escaping from his cracked and aged lips. Incessantly the dream haunted him. It was a vague, flitting dream that floated fluidly through his restless and troubled sleep. Never exactly the same but always present were the people dressed in white who spoke in soft, monotone voices and the same sounds pervading and thrusting--an eerie creaking and a dull slapping of wood against cardboard. For months the dream had haunted and terrorized him, but now he realized the meaning of it all. Breathing a sigh of relief, of resignation, he lowered his white head to the pillow and surrendered his weary body to the beautiful, gentle sway of the train.

Turning his ashen, wrinkled face he gazed past his own image at the moving wilderness and the black pine trees casting fleeting and uneven shadows upon him. A thin, crescent moon in its last quarter glowed high in the darkness and he envied it. Although it appeared to be dying, he knew that it would live again and flood the heavens and earth with vibrant, living light. Its strength was manifested by the sheer power with which it controlled the vast seas that covered three-fourths of the earth's surface from a quarter of a million miles away. The old man envied and marveled at its perpetual, never-ending light and strength. Ironically, he thought, it was man more than any of nature's creations who clung frantically to life most dearly, and yet it was man who was doomed to the agony of old age and the fear of death. The old man wondered how many men, like himself, deplored old age and wished death would strike the final blow at their agony. From somewhere during decades of long hours of reading he recalled a mournful verse:

"Set is the sun of my years  
And over a few poor ashes,  
I sit in darkness and tears."

A tear squeezed from under his eyelid and worked its way down a cheek-bone, eroded and weather-beaten by the forces of nature and by a stress and strain unique only to men — worry. Sobbing deep in his throat, he buried his face in the pillow and cursed his old age aloud.

"Ol' Man, you alright?" came a voice on the

bunk next to him.

"Yeah, Tom. Go back to sleep."

Again he felt a pang of envy. It was a feeling that was strange and foreign and he tried in vain to erase it from his mind. Never before had he known envy or jealousy towards the possessions of other men, but now he was envious and jealous of the youth of the man lying across from him. Staring through the darkness of the caboose, one of hundreds that had been his home for over fifty years, he thought back to his own youth.

As a burly lad of sixteen he beamed with pride at being a part of the "Great Race," part of the gang of Irish Micks who helped build the first transcontinental railroad. They had lost but now all rejoiced at the wondrous feat they had accomplished — a single stretch of man-made rails stretching like a giant serpent across vast, fertile plains, deadly deserts scorched and desolate, over lofty barren mountain ranges and raging rivers.

They had battled, often to the death, man, disease and nature's elements. As an army they had fought the fierce Comanche and bands of desperados eager to rob them of their money, supplies and lives. Devastating plagues of cholera and smallpox swept through their ranks and struck down all but the strongest of them. They had worked frozen and frost-bitten laying racks in forty foot snow drifts and below zero temperatures. In torrid, arid deserts the sun's rays blistered their bent backs and shoulders even through coarse denim shirts. An image of himself, young, strong and virile, silhouetted by the fierce, red sun formed in the old man's mind.

In searing, blinding sunlight he wielded the sledge hammer like a child at a peg board as beads of sweat poured across the rippled muscles of his taut belly. A red, livid scar interrupted its symmetry and flashed in the glaring light. The old man touched his stomach beneath the material of his undershirt. The scar was still there but the thick, massive fiber of youth had turned to clammy, useless flab. Another new feeling — nostalgia.

Among the railmen the elders had spoken of the "good ol' days" and he had scoffed at their glori-

fication of the past by saying that there was no such thing as the “good ol’ days,” but only the present and the future. Had he been wrong? In his realization that old age had crept up on him he thought more and more of the past — and his youth.

He remembered as a small boy he had gulped down his supper each evening in his eagerness to hear his grandfather’s stories of Ireland and the Revolution. He knew the stories by heart: the bloody battles between the Irish and English and the brutality of the English prison camps where his grandfather had worked in coal mines and thus learned the intricacies of the railroads. He heard about the famines and of the turbulent crossing of the Atlantic they had made when he was just a baby. As refugees from plights both political and economical, their women victims of famine, grandfather, father and son made their way to America along with hordes of their countrymen looking for a new life. Finding the cities jammed with immigrants, hungry and forcing wages down to rock-bottom, they headed west to Kansas where they found work on the blossoming and booming railroads.

Through the years, as the railroads grew, the old man had grown in his knowledge and love of them. Telegrapher to conductor, brakeman to fireman, fireman to engineer — his knowledge grew. The rails were as much a part of him as his arms and legs. Only once in the long years did he not generate enthusiasm about a job that he had been assigned. As a “track bull” he performed the distasteful task of ejecting the multitudes of tramps and sots from the lines of red and gold freight cars. Ragged and red-eyed they tumbled from the hay covered floors, looking like new born pups being brought into the world. Into the harsh sunlight and into the even harsher hands of his deputies they stumbled and scurried. As he walked in front of them his club menacing, he delivered a threatening, vulgar and abusive attack upon their morals and character, dictating the law and punishment for riding the rails, he could not look into their faces. Perhaps it was because in each one he could see himself — alone, unloved and on the move.

Now, at the age of sixty-eight, things had changed little for him except that he became abom-

inably aged. The railroads had aged also but while he became decrepit and arthritic, the rails had bloomed and matured. They formed a gigantic network, like an immense spider web engulfing the country. Miles of freight cars, pregnant with their tons of wheat, oil, cabbage, dynamite, lingerie, plows and coal, stretched, clanking and groaning behind powerful, surging diesel locomotives. People dined, slept, drank, bathed, and even gambled in plush, velvet cars. The railroads had matured; they were strong and energetic though still young. And the old man was envious.

He looked once again out the window but now he looked at its reflection and saw a stranger. Although he had seen the face daily while shaving, he had not really seen it. Now he saw the bleak whiteness of his hair, the bloodshot, vacant eyes, the sallow cheeks, and the broken, decayed, nicotined teeth in blackened gums.

Turning from the stranger in the window, the old man stared at the red glow of the tail light through the “crow’s nest” above. He listened to the music of the wheels, the steel-to-steel sounds of couplings straining, grating. The dream images forced their way back into his consciousness, the smiling doctors and nurses, the creaking of the rocking chair, and the intermittent hollow slap of checkers on a cardboard table. Again a gasped, “No!”

The haunting sound of “Gabriel’s Horn” came faintly from far in the front of the train as it plunged into the black abyss of a tunnel. The old man breathed a sigh, a sigh of resignation, of relief, and gently closed his eyes as the caboose was surrounded by darkness.





1968

Cheryl West  
1960s 13



An Apology to Dylan Thomas  
MICHAEL CAIN

Dylan, they're killing you again,  
killing your soaring soul,  
tearing you apart, ripping  
the holy guts out of you  
and yours and, God, Dylan,  
who will hear the tears?  
They're pulling you down,  
Dylan, until they make you  
another one of us and  
I cry. I cry for dying  
spring and for you and them.  
Dylan, we bleed because  
not content to kill, to unsex,  
they're selling you  
to redeem themselves  
and Judas set the price too low.

Dawn  
JANE O'KEEFE  
1968

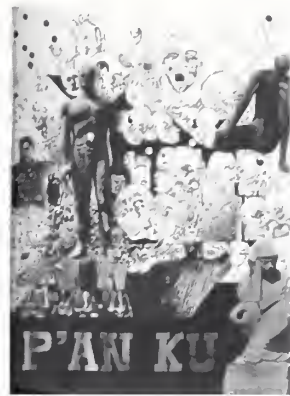
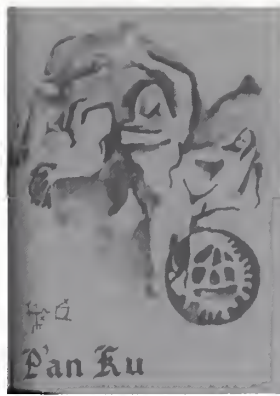
The night is long and lonely,  
Alive with the hopes and fears that keep you from death.  
You must wait patiently for the day.  
The day you will have him or forget him.  
Wait, dawn is not far.

Magicians  
LYNN KLIPP  
1968

The blue-eyed magician  
walks slowly  
into and out of  
around and thru  
my life.  
And I, the Fool, mistake  
star for galaxy.  
Id-quick, soul-deep, searching kisses that  
the magician reaps upon my body,  
words nestled, soft and low,  
in my ear, throughout long nights,  
are shallow feats of an agile tongue.  
making love can not make love.  
Soon I know—  
there's truth in this.  
"Farewell, Girl," speaks the blue eye,  
"I leave you a memory."  
No regrets, remorse, or insight  
until . . .  
another blue-eyed magician  
walks slowly  
into my life.

Angel's Heart  
THOMAS WRIGHT

Into the vast black abyss  
That is night  
Descends a heart divine  
Which found no promise  
Of new life  
While below, lovers catch  
Their breath in wonder  
And gaze upon the  
Falling star.



# the 1970s

Miccousukee Road  
MARY PITTMAN  
1970

flashing rain on red dirt roads  
in a burst of volatile summer changing  
    emerald dripping leaves  
    splashed by amber shafts of falling sunlight  
    reflecting in pools of scarlet rainwater  
as I wash my face with life

Ambition  
MARKY KELLY  
1973

Ambition is for him who raises dreams  
Of brave tomorrows, fed by present hope;  
And if his goal should prove not what it seems,  
He aims for something safe within his scope.  
The herald of better times to come  
Projects himself beyond his present lot,  
And beats incessantly upon his drum  
In rhythmless report of what is not.  
If I have aspirations, then they speak  
Not through the shrouded strains of distant tunes,  
But rather of the joy that now I seek,  
Undaunted by tomorrow's mystic runes.  
    The future feeds on worries and delays;  
    Peace nourishes forever my todays.

Cancer Moon  
STEPHANIE POE  
1973

emotions  
    ebb and  
        flow  
    like moontides:  
swelling  
    waves  
break  
    on rocks  
        into tears  
so salty  
    the crabs  
        feel thirsty



The world was once made entirely of delicate glass spheres. That is, before the time of paper coffee cups and walks inside walled brick gardens and the morning slosh of the mopping maids. She was not sure how both could exist at once. Perhaps one was only a dream. The dream must surely be why she was there, with the Strangers, walking in halls and sleeping in folding beds as she had learned to do, in a room not quite her own. Had morning played a trick on her eyes arriving slyly, unannounced? Had glass splintered and left her with this?

Everyone sat in rows along heavy tables, each with a paper coffee cup, and a tiny packet of salt. Toward one side of the table, mounds of potatoes, lima beans and thinly-cut meat were piled in plastic dishes. All of the Strangers talked about the food. She stared at a plate in front of her.

"Come on now, if you don't take your own food, we'll have to give it to you. You know that's Dr.s orders."

She tried to forget about the paper coffee cups.

"All right. I guess I'll have to give it to you then."

She saw mashed potatoes rise up on the plate.

"You have to eat them all. We're going to watch and make sure that you do."

She turned over the chair in her run for the door; but the hall was too long and the Others were too fast. They had locked the door. The potatoes were heavy stones, powdering all the splinters of glass as they pushed their way down her throat. She left the long table; her plate was empty.

Did the change have anything to do with the spinning spheres of glass, echoing powerful music which belied their fragile surface? Had, in fact, the glass only been covering her face; and had she, in error, turning quickly to look, shattered it, so that now

all the Others could see her evil, her ugliness, her very thoughts? Only their horror at such a careless revelation could have prompted this difference in rooms and coffee cups.

It was dark. Someone sat outside her door looking through magazines. She watched him; he did not look up. She struck a match and began hornig the tips of her fingers. The man yawned and picked up another magazine. She struck another match and placed the flame on a corner of the sheet covering her. Flames began to rise from the bed and the man looked up. "Damn," he said and put down his magazines.

There were a lot of voices then and the fire went out. Someone said, "You'll have to file an incident report. Al."

"Damn," the man said again, and went back to his magazines. She stared at the ceiling and hoped that she could keep her eyes open long enough to keep it from falling on her. The night was long.

The Strangers, who drank also from paper coffee cups, formed small groups and talked and played cards. Their faces seemed unshattered and she wondered if they had just walked in there by mistake. Only a few, like herself, wandered the halls and sat in corners by the door. One of these few tried to read her a story about a little prince and his baobab trees. She listened, but kept her face frozen, not wanting to lose the few slivers remaining. The Others, like the man outside her door, shifted about, taking notes and whispering among themselves. They seemed always to be taking off coats and talking about traffic and lunch breaks. Sometimes she would ask one of them to take her out for a walk. Usually they said, "There isn't time," or "Why didn't you ask earlier?" When they did unlock the door and put on their coats to go out with her, they only watched as she walked the perimeter of the yard, close to the wall. And she saw the seasons change inside the wall, though there were no trees. Only stubs of grass and a few weeds.

She stopped thinking as much about the powerful spheres of the glass world, except when questioned by one of the Others. She listened sometimes to the sound of their clashing, delicate notes or their strident, accusing tones. And she silently watched their play on the walls of her room growing shapes, forming birds, faces, and sometimes, only shadows. Mostly, she did not think at all. Occasionally she would feel sorrow for her lost thoughts, and a great guilt at deserting them for the empty labyrinth in which she walked. At those times, she would open a sliver and let in some air, and a thought. It excited her to have a thought. She would tell one of the Others, and they would say,

“Where do you get these thoughts of yours?”

She would answer, “They come in with the air.”

And they would reply, “That’s what people like you always say.”

Then they would write it down in their notes and whisper some more.

It didn’t seem to matter anymore why she was there, except to deny the reasons given by the Others. Nor did she wonder still whether it was the glass spheres that were the dream, or instead, the paper coffee cups. She simply slept.

One morning, quite early, when she had refused to wash her face, one of the Others said impatiently,

“Someday you’ll have to learn that your face is not made of glass - you’re just like everyone else.”

She opened a sliver for air and began to wonder if it was possible that she possessed a secret not known to the Others. For surely the Others had merely preserved better their glass faces. They too were fragile, though perhaps more thickly-layered than she and the Strangers. Through a widening sliver of air, the thought passed proudly that she was only different

in knowing this, and in letting such fragility show.

She told no one, but she washed her face. Then she walked outside, next to the wall, and noticed a few browning tufts of grass, and felt like planting flowers in a garden somewhere.

When she left there, she took one paper coffee cup with her. And when she looked at it later, it was only to wonder how such a simple thought could have freed her from the walled brick yard, and why, after all, paper coffee cups were ever needed.

Ghosts  
DAVE VOATU  
1972

Some events that I remember  
incidents occurring in my thoughts  
are just illusions placed before me,  
some are objects that are not.

Things and places I have passed through,  
elements and fragments in my mind,  
puzzle-pieces that don't fit, along with  
years and moments out of time.

All your people  
gone tomorrow,  
Why are they leaving, who are they looking for?  
But I'll still be here, I have nowhere to go  
and I won't fear the end.

How can they unfold before me,  
I've got an answer but it's wrong,  
just like a page from some old magazine  
I turn it and they are gone.

All those two-way people  
moving on a one-way street,  
it seems no matter how fast I run  
they get farther out of reach.

Living images awakened  
slowly I'm surrounded by them all,  
crowded houses full of empty people,  
ghosts appearing on my walls.

All your people  
gone tomorrow,  
Why are they leaving, what are they looking for?  
I'll still be here, I have nowhere to go  
But I won't fear the end.

In Your Mind  
ROBERT DAVID SIEGEL  
1972

In your mind it's never over,  
Never see the end  
To try and rid your heart of sadness,  
It's over you pretend

But thoughts arising, dreams recurring  
Prove it isn't so  
And all the effort in the world  
Won't set it right, you know

Resolve yourself to thoughts that linger  
And flashbacks of her face—  
Attempts to cast her from your mind  
Won't shake her from your mental place

There's really nothing you can do  
Because you see, she's part of you.

Disposition  
ORA HEALEY  
1973

The conch shell sold from the Keys  
convolutes its fleshy tints  
in regular fluted arrangements.  
Rimpled ridges only slightly  
suggest vertical direction.  
But the spiral, special,  
turns ultimately inward  
where polished hollows echo  
depths no longer sounded.



Woman  
MARZI KAPLAN  
1974

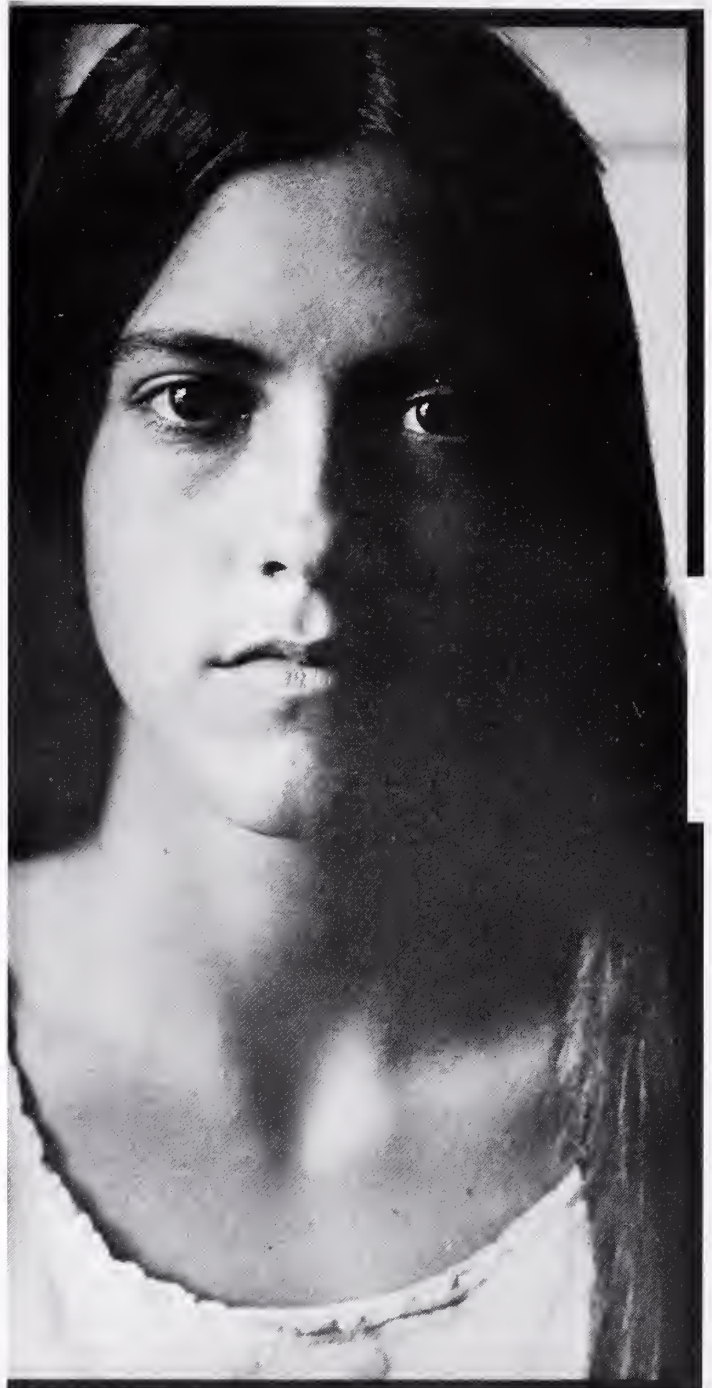
woman

sea anemone  
caught in violent cross-currents  
    coercing surging cyclical rhythms  
wave-pounded by forces  
beyond control  
ostensibly defenseless

yet  
when the seas subside  
    you  
lovely primeval creature  
remain afloat

Have You Not Noticed  
MELODY ROLLING  
1976

Have you not noticed  
(as you lie beside me  
night after night)  
that i  
(as well as you)  
long for the time  
when we did not  
lie beside each other  
but  
lay together



Dave Patrick

Surrendering To The Sun  
WHITNEY MCCAULEY-GORDON  
1973

Surrendering to the sun I am  
aware of the scattered remnants  
of sea wheat suicides.  
Buffeted by hot wind  
odor of steaming flesh rises  
to flaring nostrils,  
tightening skin a prelude  
to the first splintering of pain.  
Ten strikes against midnight  
sunburned hand  
slow fire against cool sheets.

Free?  
RON RENNA  
1975

Is the mighty eagle free?  
As he soars above his sovereignty,  
And outraces the wind  
And all the while, keeping a keen watch on his dominion.  
With majestic wings spread across his kingdom  
And his endowed power, he is king over all that flies.

Is the stout lion free?  
As he strides with such a noble gait,  
As the breeze blows through his flowing mane.  
With such authority this unconquerable beast rends the air.  
With a ferocious roar which echo's throughout his kingdom.  
Letting everyone know, he is the ruler of the jungle.

Is the massive whale free?  
As he cruises the high seas so gracefully,  
The nobility he shows as he navigates throughout his region  
Would make Neptune envious.  
His humongous size makes him sovereign of the sea.

Is man free?  
As he attempts to rise above the social whirl of society,  
Only to be yanked back from his flight of imagination.  
The wind blows his flimsy hair, as he stumbles along  
Against the grain of the rush hour traffic in his asphalt jungle.  
Only to be propelled along with the tidal wave of people  
Needlessly attempting to surface and navigate, against the tide.

Street Guys  
G. SHIVELY-CATER  
1974

Street guys  
jump from bar to bar  
winding  
in frantic streams  
past  
hot steel grumbling  
at stop lights  
past  
shopkeepers jittering  
in doorways the search  
is constant  
for the easy dream  
the quickest out

while suddenly  
among the windows  
lights  
buildings  
and brothers  
a silent figure escapes the whole hustle  
in one incredible  
ten story score

Reflection Through a Dream  
MARLENA RUPP  
1976

Lying entrenched in  
an unmade bed, hoping  
to forestall the inevitable  
encroachment of routine life,  
I plunder through a familiar  
landscape of mirrored faces.  
A woman, with hints  
of cosmic dust  
and splintered wood,  
flits through pulsating rhythms  
of longing and fear.  
An emigre from intimate touch  
plucking at the subconscious  
strings of sensitive nerves  
She sits in an armchair  
bathed in contrasting  
shadow and light,  
moon-beam eyes,  
a shaded smile on her  
wood-cut face, suggesting an  
exquisitely controlled madness.  
A silenced existence  
of screams and sighs,  
a trance-like gaze  
staring into fantasy space.  
Lurking desires dangle  
from her neck  
like a chain of whispers.  
Delusions of self  
draw their dying gasp;  
the knowledge too excruciating  
to be contemplated with ease.  
She flickers, then recedes from sight,  
mist covering crystals of cracking night.  
I stumble and awake  
to her scent floating  
about my face.

Pseudo Dreams Live  
DOUG DIAZ  
1970

pseudo dreams live  
in the oriented souls  
of stereotype junkies  
who feed on sugar cubes  
that nibble at their brain  
to give them a feeling  
of belonging in a dying  
world where bloody soldiers  
eat gut soup for lunch

pseudo dreams exist in  
rose-tinted looking glasses  
where fifty dollar hippies  
are exhibited on a grand  
pavilion called earth

pseudo dreams vanish  
into a transparent air  
where political musicians  
play i love america tunes  
in a concert hall filled  
with yeah-yeah fans who  
startle at the sound of  
their own terrifying noises



A Day or So  
J. S. MIRANTI  
1971

A day or so shall be received with open hands,  
waiting patiently to see if the next one will come.  
Sitting on the floor eating crackers and cheese,  
I poked at the holes in my shoes,  
with a broken pencil I had found that afternoon.  
“There is a generation that surpasses ours,  
somewhere.” I said to myself.  
But for the time being, I shall be concerned with tomorrow,  
because the bomb may come next week.  
Then, who will laugh at Red Skelton,  
or criticize Nixon for the war over there.  
I have absorbed through my ears,  
all that has been said about the great plane strike.  
Sifting like flour, strong steel particles,  
that have remained to stain our heritage;  
I cannot tell myself or others what the outcome will be,  
because if I do - - - there will be no answer.

Merry-Go-Round  
CHARLES MERTZ  
1973

Strong and silent, the stallion stands  
Patiently awaiting the master's small hands  
With the majestic head of the beast held high  
Echoing a wild laugh and a merry cry  
Painted horse and rider leap into the sky

Galloping on dreams above these lands  
Of clay and dirt, of brick and sand  
With castles and knights from days of yore  
And bullets and bombs and cannon roar

But the world within is ceasing to spin  
And the dreams will end and new ones begin  
The melody from the organ begins to slow down  
With a solemn silence throughout the grounds  
As the children depart from the merry-go-round.

To Federico Garcia Lorca  
JUANA HOPPER  
1978

You . . . of the dark death  
and the green moon,  
the horse on the mountain  
at five in the afternoon.  
You . . . the cries full of thorns  
and the waist tied with shadows.  
You . . . the mouth of Spain  
at the throat of the Earth.  
You . . . in the eyes of the night.  
Magnificent darkness,  
Engulfing darkness.  
The deep side of the river.

Equinox  
MARY MUNSON  
1976

Gallant instincts hue October's face,  
Whose flying leaves belie her life,  
Lest those with loss of hope  
Fear there will be no spring.  
Through meager banks  
The gibbering stream  
Soliloquizes its apprehension  
And gives back reassurance,  
Like an idiot's self-ministry  
To his loneliness.  
A cardinal mother,  
Of gender even nature will not frock,  
Lingers from migration,  
Still faithful to the empty nest.  
Cool, the autumn air  
Rouses summer lovers from their bed,  
Where expression of the spirit  
Gave comfort and cause  
In the world of meaningless patterns.

Take one more look, and listen  
To green and red and gold,  
Before ice will grip the earth  
In the winter laws of cold.



1975

Judy Gallagher

You've Tried  
for Judy Nichols  
JEANNETHOMAS  
1972

you've tried  
very hard  
(too hard actually)  
to make me understand  
where you as a white!  
paddie/honky/cracker/  
whitey stand on the  
issue of an afro-ameri  
can/negro/nigger/  
colored/black  
sort of a person  
like me

you've gone  
through changes  
to get your head  
where mine is  
you have labeled  
me as a callous  
& quiet person  
these are  
external attributes  
(i am misusing my  
defense mechanisms)  
employed to camouflage  
the confusion/love!hate!war  
that is overtaking  
my mind-filled machine  
so do not be annoyed  
by my indifference  
(it is only an apparition)

and when i meet  
with the bigots  
and wax smilers  
i will light  
a candle to  
their lips and  
think of your  
thinking enough  
of me and what/  
how i'd feel  
if confronted with

people who think  
that black people  
are baptists who  
go to church on  
sabbath and drink  
gambleandscrew  
to make more  
bushy-headed babies  
for people like  
you to encounter  
and to understand  
(being a human being  
is a dreadful occupation)

I think now  
your head is  
where mine is  
and you will  
continue to  
sympathize and analyze  
and when my mind  
is clouded with  
the pollution of  
self-destruction &  
maniacal hobbies  
i will remember  
you and temporarily  
forget about myself  
for we are only  
victims of creation



Nobody's Home  
BONNY SNYDER  
1974

Their sullen masks  
and stark blank stare  
made it known  
no one is there  
Nobody's home.

Footsteps are flat  
and voices are heard  
but movement is nil  
and I sense not a word

Objects are shifting  
as routine plods on-  
time marks their presence  
from dawn to dawn  
but nobody's home

a pale ghostly shadow  
still walks in the night  
and shows the resemblance  
that once there was life.

In agony we mourn  
for the spirit that died  
bewildered we ask  
if we really had tried  
for nobody's home.

The shutters are down  
the weeds start to grow  
we turn away sadly  
for now we know  
that nobody's home.

Monkey and the Lizard  
C. J. BLUE  
1976

Three blocks from  
the jungle, around  
back of the diner  
a monkey met a  
lizard in two dimensions  
behind rows of  
cardboard, where corrugation  
was the only support  
between two strangers  
who chased the eyes,  
glowing in serpent vision.

A century of suns  
evaporated residual Darwin  
into clouds of  
fur and scale,  
as the monkey squinted  
at the lizard squinting  
toward the cabbage head,  
Polaroid glaring.  
Hedged by cardboard,  
mover of feet  
and nations

the monkey and the lizard  
shook hands and carried  
the cabbage away.

What's Beyond This  
BARBARA GRAYBEAL  
1972

What's beyond this  
Shelf of security  
You built for me?  
The dust of the years  
Is obscuring me,  
Choking me and  
I feel that I'll become lost  
In the residue of time.  
Perhaps I'll teeter off  
In search of brighter shelves  
For my china soul.  
(I've dreamed of many and  
Seen a few, but never sat  
Long enough to know their comfort)  
If I should break  
Would you piece me  
Back together with  
Only faint visible cracks  
To tell of Life's journey?  
And you supply that  
Vital piece of love  
I need to survive?

Childhood  
BECKY RYALS  
1975

An old friend came  
home today  
and mirrored the  
past for me  
I saw how much  
she'd matured  
then took a look  
at myself  
In the place of  
a child playing dolls  
was a full grown  
woman instead  
And it made me  
sad  
to see her  
my childhood  
playmate.



Dave Babcock



1968

Mary Ade



1966

David Porter





1973

Kevin Deland



1974

Jim Woulfe

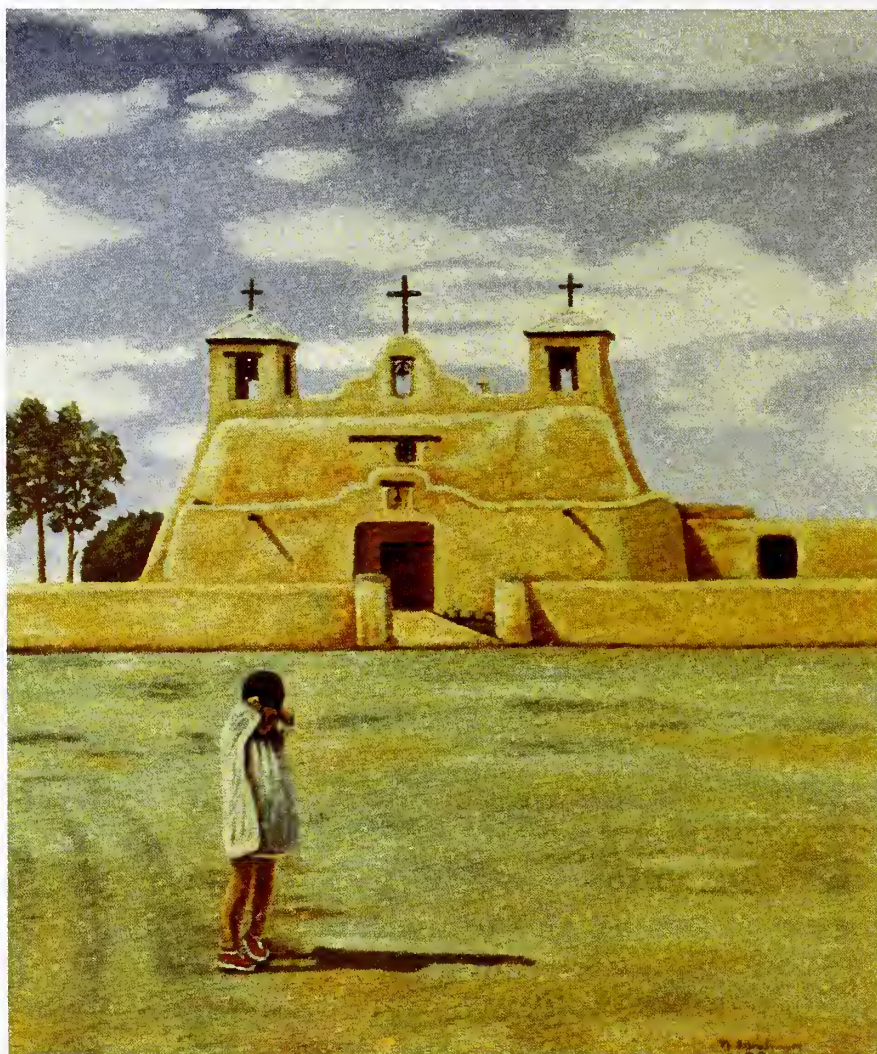




1980

James Hoyal





1982

Nellie Fronabarger



Self-Portrait  
1994

Drewcifer





Self-Portrait  
1999

Pia Pownall





Fiddler  
2001

Helen Daniels



Nude with Sorrows  
2003

Erick Estevanell

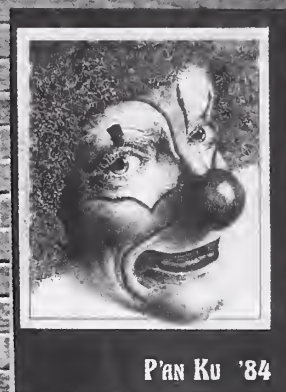
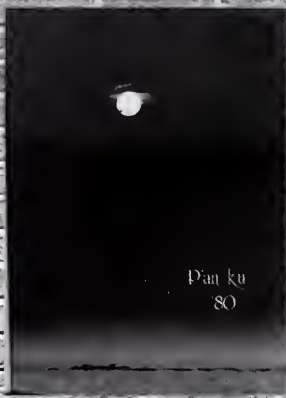




Now That's Gngstr  
2004

Kill (Kapone is Ill)





# the 1980s



Photograph by Bill Tsangares, 1982



Old Haunts  
CHERISE WYNEKEN  
1984

Ghosts tramp up and down my dreams  
Haunting halls and high places  
Of the old hotel.  
Downstairs in Grandma's rooms  
Through yellow, tinkling teeth.  
The old piano reassures me,  
"No rooms – 'To let' – to Ghosts."

When supper's done, we creep again  
Up to the middle floor.  
Giggling past the boarder's door closed tight,  
The lure of crumbling crates and cobweb corners  
Draws –like fisher's bait –  
To rooms beyond the creaking stairs  
Where ghosts make tracks upon the dust  
And nightwalk through my sleep.

The March of Time  
LARRY GLAZER  
1984

Time marches through the ages,  
Around metaphors and similes,  
Up and down the footnotes  
On poured cement,  
Until we bump into an event.  
Black on white  
Brushed vigorously,  
Inevitably  
Deeply significant.  
And time slows down  
Creaking slightly  
Absorbs the crisis  
And moves on.

Heirlooms  
SUSAN M. CLERICI  
1984

There are screams in my throat  
They are ancestral gifts,  
    born of collective eyes witnessing  
    the entrails of humankind  
    strewn recklessly on  
    the pavement of existence.  
The blood of our children  
    painting the occupied towns red.

Heavy,  
    Thick with a millennium of  
    watching our sons at war.  
Screams to be passed on and on.

I'm sitting in this bar...  
SUMMER O'HARA

I'm sitting in this bar, watching the World Series and drinking my second Heineken when this little girl suddenly appears from I don't know where. I sense someone standing next to me before I really notice her, and then I look at her and she's just standing there staring at me.

"Who are you?" I finally ask her. No one else seems to have noticed her.

"Help me."

"Help you?"

"Please. I need help."

She must have been about 10 years old, and she's wearing some kind of cotton dress that's too big for her. Her face is tired looking and her hair is long and uncombed.

"What's wrong?"

"I need to talk to you. Outside."

"Now?" I say, glancing at the television.

"Yes."

"Listen, I'd like to help you, but right now I'm in the middle of this game. Why don't you sit down and order a coke, and we'll talk during the commercials."

"No, I can't," she says, and her voice is strong, almost authoritative. She stands there looking at me, and I feel kind of uncomfortable, like she's never going to go away.

"Okay," I sigh, getting up. I follow her outside to the parking lot, thinking "Why me?" with every step I take away from the game.

She walks very quickly and stops at my car. It's brand new, a Blue Mercedes, and she sits on it.

"Hey, careful with the shoes, that's my car."

"I know."

"How did you know?"

She shrugs and I don't press it. I lean against the car and turn to her expectantly, ready to offer her whatever wisdom she needs. In a hurry, I hope, already wondering what's happening with the game.

"Okay, so what's wrong?"

"I'm hungry."

"You're hungry?" I say, with relief. Nothing that can't be solved quickly. "You need some money?"

She doesn't say anything, and I figure she's embarrassed. I take out my wallet and hold out a ten

dollar bill.

"Here."

She just sits there, looking into the distance.

"Don't be embarrassed, it's okay," I tell her, beginning to get impatient. She turns her head and looks at me. With a shock I see her for the first time. Her face is all bones, protruding cheek bones, sunken in eyes. Sad eyes.

"My family's hungry," she says quietly, and I begin to get this eerie feeling.

"Okay," I say, smiling, trying to lighten the mood, "Here." I take out my wallet and take out a fifty, holding it out to her. "Take this."

She doesn't take it. She just sits there, looking up at the sky. Damnit, I think, I'm missing the best game of the season. What am I doing out here?

"My father sent me," she says, still looking up.

"Your father? What's the matter, doesn't he work or anything?"

Her face lights up, and she smiles for the first time. "Yes, he works. He is always working. He works more than all of the people in the world put together."

"Then why doesn't he feed you if he works so much? Surely he must be able to feed you."

"He did, Bread of life. Living water. But now it's in your hands."

I start to ask her what she's talking about, to tell her that I don't have time to play games, but these words keep going through my mind, words from the Bible.

"Man does not live by bread alone," I suddenly say, then laugh.

"Exactly."

"Well, how much money do you need? I ask, my voice slightly shaking, to my surprise.

"My country is starving."

"Your country?" Oh come on, I think to myself, this is ridiculous. "What country?" I demand.

"Many countries. India, Cambodia . . . many countries." She is whispering now, and barely audible.



"Well, what do you want me to do?" I explode.  
"You drag me out of a bar in the middle of the night, I'm in the middle of watching a game and I come out here, I try to give you money so you can eat, but you go on and on about starving people. What am I supposed to do?"

She looks at me, and I look away. She looks so emaciated that I can't stand to look at her.

"Look, I know what you're doing. You're playing on my guilt, trying to make me feel guilty, like those magazine things with the starving children looking out at you saying 'feed me'."

"Do you feel guilty?"

"No! No, I don't. I give money to underdeveloped countries. No, I do not feel in the least bit guilty."

She slides off my car and I think she is crying.

"Look," I say more gently, "I can see that you're hungry. Take some money."

"There are people hungrier than I am," she says.

"Babies that are shriveled up, children that eat rocks. And mothers who sit and watch their children die and can't do anything to help them. And it's in your hands."

She starts walking away. The money is still lying on the car where I put it. I want to grab her, to force her to take the sixty dollars so I can go back in the bar and finish watching the damn game, but my mind is in shock or something. I just stand there, watching her go. Then she turns around and says, lightly, "Nice car."

Seed  
LORI CROUCH  
1980

A fissure in a craggy rock  
a spore in the wind  
melded together  
a particle of life  
looks up  
plants itself firmly  
creeps out from the darkness  
thrusting green and tender  
gathers strength  
and feeds from the sun  
determined now  
grows in power  
slowly uplifting  
shooting forth buds  
oblivious to the world  
around it  
until it is the mightiest of all.

Wind of Desire  
CYNTHIA AZAR  
1984

I feel a cyclone  
in my arid soul  
that changes destiny

I am alone

Can my control exceed other forces  
in this war?  
Stop . . . I can't ask more questions

Magnitude of powers  
strength  
reveals a cyclone force

within desire  
I . . . I . . . I . . . am  
afraid of no one here

C  
Y  
C  
L  
O  
N  
E  
S  
scare me

I am alone

Pete, The Hamster  
GEORGE KUTTNER  
1980

There are sounds that Pete,  
the hamster makes,  
caged in his trap  
late in the night;  
I'm desperate not to wake,  
while he's desperate  
to escape;  
dreaming out beyond  
his soul and plastic place  
in a world that we create.

Lace Doilies  
MONICA EARLE CARLTON  
1984

Half a dozen starched lace doilies  
lay about the darkened room,  
each one draped to perfection  
floating like white fluorescent  
ghosts who recall the lemon scent  
of washed hair and 100 brush strokes.

Long lines of drawn pale faces pass,  
hands touch in sympathy, withdraw  
with regret; the chain's link  
broken as the moon's rays  
slip under the sealed window,  
caressing those possessions left.

The rose-coloured couch sits, lonely  
sentinel to matched chair, and Wedgewood  
birds wait to take flight as aged  
fingers pause, then reach out to hold  
the sugar-stiff doilies one last time.

## 1984

a feminine celebration  
blessed with sensitized awareness.  
A necklace of jewels whose links are  
Forged by 14K gold hearts,  
Compassion and rainbow visions.  
Safety-catch of caring clasps us  
Beyond mileage or Ma Bell.

whose images are locked in each other's youth.  
Beauty is in scars buried in our smiles.  
Bonding allows sunshine through a permanent  
arrangement of shadows. Survivors, we have  
defied dreams deformed by fantasy.  
Humiliation has scraped us to the bone, but  
we have over come mutilation of old realities.

united forever by Eve's *delicious* sin!  
Perfect deltas form our triad  
                    woman  
                sister                 mother  
Drops of blood attest to still fruitful wombs.  
Together we bleed for non-payment of alimony.  
Struggling like migrant workers with the results of  
strike-fervored independence.

whose lives are knitted with gray hairs and pastel-shaded wool, ribbons of commitment that do not unravel. All have rewoven the fabric of self-esteem. Tides of fortune do not affect the molecular structure of our friendships.

melded silhouettes whose ringless hands are  
joined in solidarity against footprints  
of the world upon our psyches.  
Empty pockets are lined with courage. Like  
noise ripening we raise our voice in song. . .

A black and white line drawing of a woman's face and upper torso. She has short, curly hair and is looking slightly to the right. She is wearing a necklace with large, circular beads. The drawing is simple and sketchy.

Drawing by Ray Russotto  
1982



Amniotics  
JAMES C. AZAR  
1984

I believe me now-- not enough — just as  
little as the dragon I feel like  
metallic air shines in my lungs white heat  
torturing my exhalation

ii

is hot breath as I think ---- try to think of  
a time when breath was cooler and plunge into  
the icy waters of self-scrutiny

something has my body -- some arms so near  
my body my body my body...yearn to know my form stripping me of these  
thought-stiff clothes and I am bare swimming  
the fetal fluids of the universe  
transparent in the way a mirror is  
I find my clear reflection -- my sweet James  
what is my given name this James but me?

has hands which make most of my form erect  
this bath this bath this bath  
and dancing – every limb a penis poised  
hushed in the before and after seconds  
of touch

missing enough of too much to feel too little

from underneath this quick ocean beats on  
my belly and encircles my thighs — I  
am swimming lightly my hair ends visit  
my upper-back with each steady stroke of  
my heavy arms — something in me is an  
alarm going off going off going off  
and shaking I dart my head in terror  
I have let go of the ocean  
and it has let go of me  
in the middle of an elixir sea  
I am the poison in the potion  
how so freed?

shelters where pleasures hide  
are scattered about my geography  
cities awaiting winter...

a cold a cold a cold

James -- a name for a corpse and a brain  
sane if there is sanity in motion

Ask me ask me ask me...

ah the ocean the ocean the ocean

amniotic and I seek the birth  
where are your arms dear mother earth  
and when shall a mother touch her child?

so I kick my unheld legs and I thrash  
my no-one's face -- do I grow or does the  
world shrink and where are men without measure?

I think I think I think

Patrick Tracey  
ELIZABETH BARDSLEY  
1982

When I remember my grandfather,  
I see him curved like the new moon,  
Fragile and silvered.  
My mother says that he was an earthy man,  
A gardener, drinker of beer brought home in a bucket  
After a day's labor;  
A jealous man glowering fiercely from his kitchen armchair  
At the tradesmen who invaded his castle during the day.  
"As if," said my mother, "your grandmother had time for the  
milkman  
and the mailman  
As she moved back and forth, back and forth  
Across the kitchen,  
with a child or two clinging to her skirts."  
My mother says he was irreverent,  
Shaking his fist in the pastor's face  
And calling him a black-hearted devil  
When two infant sons--  
John Patrick and John Lawrence—  
Were disinterred to make way for the city dam.  
My mother says he was a teller of tales,  
Of ladies clothed in green velvet  
Wearing white-plumed hats, riding white horses,  
Disappearing into the mists of Gaelic nights.  
Drinker,  
Jealous lover,  
Story teller.  
My grandmother said,  
"Sure what would I do with another one like him?"  
I don't know,  
But when I remember my grandfather,  
I see him  
Silvered and fragile  
Curved like the new moon.

Three Cornered Dream  
KIM WEISS  
1982

Grandmother's apartment door gaped a hole  
as big as a three cornered hat  
i worried for her safety.  
who was looking in?  
at ninety-three  
i let her exist without  
looking in.  
in a dream she lived  
with her broken door  
without me.  
perhaps i am the missing triangle in her door  
(the third granddaughter).  
asleep i visited my grandmother.  
asleep my love became guilt.  
guilt can't buy  
a plane ticket to New Jersey.

P'an Ku



The Broward Community College Literary/Arts Magazine



P'an Ku  
Broward Community College's Student Literary Arts Magazine

P'an Ku



P'an Ku



the 1990s



Weather Report  
YVONNE VASQUEZ  
1994

Sugar water breakfast  
Sugar water lunch  
No such thing as Sunday Brunch

No cutting out of coupons.  
No produce. No meat.  
No food stamps. No welfare.  
No ends to meet.

No Peace Corps., No Red Cross,  
No noble "Mother T."  
No airlift grain. No Habitat  
For Humanity.

No motor highway traffic,  
No air or noise pollution,  
Just thirty years of whispered hopes  
of waylaid revolution.

Overcrowded camps,  
Empty jails,  
Mostly fair skies, and balmy  
Caribbean gales.

Perfect weather for rafting  
to Guantanamo today.  
We'll obligingly receive you.  
Enjoy your stay.



Where Else Can We Go?  
PIERRE DUKENS  
1996

In our hometown, we get killed  
In a foreign place, we get kicked  
Do we come from Pluto?  
Are we a UFO?  
In the Bahamas, they send us back home  
In the U.S., they send us to Chrome  
Do we deserve to die?  
Do we need to stay alive?  
Let us know if you know  
Somewhere else for us to go...

Touch and Go  
MIKE STAIRS  
1990

I once flew a plane from North Perry.  
The trip was quite scary.  
On my third touch and go,  
I came in too low,  
And took out a rabbit named Harry.

Daydream  
HELEN KRUTIS  
1993

I sleep  
warm in his gaze  
like a cat on a sunlit window ledge.  
safe  
beside a heart which overlooks my imperfections  
and sees through eyes  
that behold me  
without fear  
as though  
I were an amazing reflection  
on the surface of the sea of dreams  
on the dark side of the moon.

Blazing Dawn  
TIFFANY BOWE  
1999

Beams of light reflects its splendor  
Onto the ocean's liquid shell.

The wind blows its cool, moist air  
Blending the blues, yellows and greens  
Forming a mixture of vitality.

Energized activity takes place below the watery depths.  
With soft liquid motions the sea creature moves.  
It's destiny starting to be fulfilled with each passing minute.

As the rotation of the earth begins its course  
The moon rises to reflect its light upon the ocean.

A mixture of gold and dark blue  
Intermingles and spreads itself upon the sea.

The golden light penetrates the ocean  
Like lovers who discover each other once again.

The warmth of the salty liquid gently melts  
The crashing waves against the shore.  
To only have its afterglow spread across the sand.

Silently the calm roar of the ocean's rhythmic breathing  
Sets everything into slumber to only await the Dawn of the morrow.



Rain  
CHRIS DEROSA  
1993

professional madmen  
spiritual hysterics

gather your roses before dawn

ectasy in a raindrop  
alligator driven whirlpools

While in Mexico  
she dreamt twice

to become endlessly obscured  
consumed in a glance  
forgotten in a memory

to roam in a roomful  
of shades.



The King and I  
SHARON A. LEONARD  
1995

It's been another grueling day. First Melissa needed cookies for school (Please, Mommy!), then Erica had to have a lift to class (I can't be late!). Tom pouted through breakfast because baking cookies took the time he wanted for an early morning quickie (Jesus! You know I'm hot in the morning). All this before work—too much work. Damn, I'm tired. I've been a grown-up all day!

I need to go backwards. The kids are out, Tom's at the club, the answering machine is on. Oh joy! I can do it now—nobody will know. Where is that nightie? Not that sexy one. Not that expensive one. Not that rag. I'll kill that kid if she took—she'd better stay out of my —ah! here it is. You're looking good Elvis. Wait, let me shower. I'd die if my body wasn't clean for you. Better! Oh, you feel so good on me. Now where are those trashy magazines? Great! Look at these headlines: "The King is Not Dead," Elvis Sighted in N.J. Grand Union." A little "Love Me Tender" on the stereo. Dreams.

Meeting him, the King, I boldly open my shirt, my white cotton bra pulled down to make room for his autograph. He smiles, slow and sexy. The pen is lost in his big fist. My breasts look so little, but he doesn't mind. He's touching me! Oh God! I feel it—the pen branding my flesh

E-L-V-I-S P-R-E-S-L-E-Y

I wish his name was longer, or written in Chinese characters, or Braille, or anything that would make this moment last.



Mentor Lost  
RENA REGISTER  
1997

"Spread your legs and I'll show you what I believe in." Those were the last real words you said to me. I laughed, taking you in stride – envying your bravery. Making an ass of yourself takes a certain amount of selflessness.

Now that you are gone I realize you were an inspiration to me. You saw my work as I do. That last lecherous squeeze means a lot to me now.

I will lay a flower at your feet and continue this Kamikaze crazy mission. Without fear repeat it - Without fear.

Freedom  
LISA JOY HURIASH  
1991

If I could get out of the horse ring of never ending circles consisting of romanticism and reality and ride in the untamed forest without direction I know I could ride both life and the horse better.





Reclining Nude Before an Open Window  
Etching with Aquatint

JOHN BOCCCHINO

Anti-Love Poem  
(Eve's Apple)  
ALYSSA YANKWITT  
1999

I never once thought that I loved you  
never tried to pretend that the  
thrusts you impaled me with  
were an attempt to steal my heart  
I always was your whore  
your beauty queen-rag doll-  
whatever-you-want-me-to-be-baby  
“Welcome 24 Hours A Day”  
my legs are always open for you  
your neon eyes always saw my better side  
when I was bound and shackled  
naked and burning  
sweating and seething  
waiting for you to crack the next whip  
(and i can still smell traces of her perfume)  
riding high above you  
you could only give sanction through worship  
and pray in the temple of my metaphor  
fall to your knees  
beg for depravity with each kiss  
and those soft rare moments  
when we laid in each other's arms  
glittered in sweat and blood  
tipsy with exploitation  
those were the moments when I heard the snake  
crawling through the garden

Love's Consequence  
CHERYL BRINGAS  
1993

The serpent resides in my heart.  
It coils itself around  
my emotional valves,  
fraught with malicious intentions.

My blood cells are demons—  
evil spirits who  
control my thoughts  
as they pump through my brain.

The scars are but skulls—  
remnants of lost souls  
who once dwelled within me.

The blind eye of impulse  
corrodes my laughter.  
I see everything  
and yet, nothing.

The evil ones escape  
from their abode  
through my tears.

I Taste Your Lovers' Juices While I Lick Your Engine Clean

JENNIFER ALBERT

1998

I abdicate the throne of your objections  
and borrow back my worn crown of thorns  
When you tell me that you love me  
While your jewel is in my mouth  
I have no choice but  
to assume that you are unfaithful  
and when you proclaim your servitude to me  
While I gallop, head held high  
On your lap  
I must presume that multitudes have  
Enjoyed a similar ride,  
and while I enjoyed you,  
(so many have enjoyed you)  
and acknowledge my addiction  
I assume that you understand  
That I understand  
The whore that you have been  
and though I love you now  
Do not pretend that you deceive me  
I have seen all your fornication  
And most of your aberrations  
And still I drink from you  
Thick crystal wine  
It is not that I am blind to your divergences  
It is just that  
Like the fish we ate for dinner last  
night before bed,  
Love tastes sweeter  
When marinated in foreign juices.

International Student

SHAHID LATIF

1992

I am still alive  
You stoned me  
Poisoned me  
Burned me  
Entombed me  
Crucified me  
Yet, like the truth  
I am alive, eternal.

My face, my eyes, my arms,  
My lips  
Are all alive  
I, the bright star of the night  
Fell shattered and tattered,  
Yet I go on glowing, shining.



When I found the mark in his hairline, he swore they were nines.  
Fevered and tired, I call to him  
hoping to interrupt his argument with John Madden.  
When the frogs arrive with the beer, he finds me  
surrounded by white angels, crushed and soggy  
or folded to serve.  
Wadda ya want? You don't look so good. You gonna make dinner?  
Sure, right after my funeral.  
Scraping knuckles on the ground, he returns  
to his gridiron sanctuary shouting profanities to a deaf screen.  
Every sound is a jackhammer in my head.  
I beg for silence.  
He responds like a blind man to a semaphore.  
I steam into his haven, take out a .45 and riddle his Budweiser bloated body,  
stomp and stomp on the bloody remains.  
I stand in front of the Hooters girls and a monster truck.  
Hey! Watcha doin'?  
Could you PLEASE be quiet?  
Sullenly retreating, I take a few more shots at his head.  
I fluff up my world, softening my martyrdom and drift  
in and out of sleep.  
Ungluing my eyes, I find him offering Nyquil  
like a plastic cup of ambrosia for the dying.  
Feeling better, Sweetie?  
Yea, some.  
Good, could you iron a shirt for work tomorrow?  
Go away!  
He tiptoes out, no sudden movements.  
Returning to holy ground, he defends his righteousness to Ted Koppel and Jack Daniels.  
Winding tickity tocking wakes me to my love handled Adonis with tube socks.  
Fleshy kisses and stale breath give rise to amorous attempts at apology.  
He is the Rain Man of sex.  
Hey, I love you.  
Love you, too.  
Maybe they are nines.



Ink Drawing

Troy Summers



Silence  
ADNAN EL'SHUKRI  
1998

There are times when all the words in the world can not express  
what we are trying to say... when even our heartbeats come  
in our way..... As strong and mighty as we can be, the fear of  
losing what we don't even have and missing the shadow of  
what's not there.... drains all strength and power.... And when  
we realize that there is nothing in our hands to do, we reach  
deep into our souls for one more breath..... then exhale

Five 0  
GIANNA LAMORTE  
1996

A  
straight man  
is going to tell me about lesbians?  
hmmm...  
"It's sexual  
It's sexy,  
love to watch...  
but you can't conceive"  
(as if procreation has always been his sexual  
objective)  
In and out, no doubt  
no gratification---just fertilization.  
Hypocrisy at its finest!

No mention of love,  
just your version  
of what a real woman is.  
You are so far off,  
I don't know whether to  
laugh or scream.

Laugh, because ridiculous people are  
funny—  
and you?

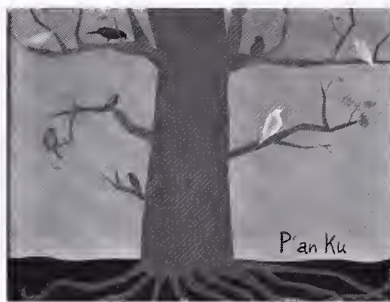
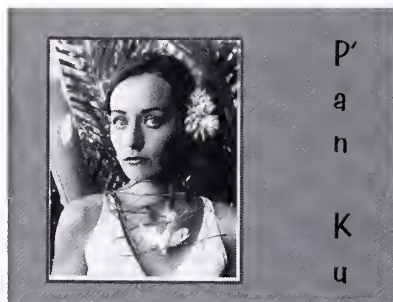
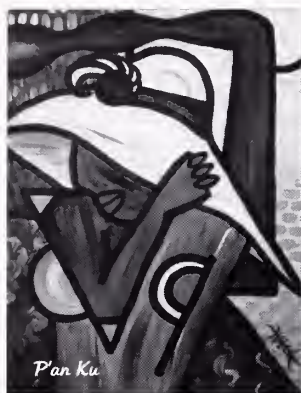
Well, you are a  
fucking riot



Bride

Tim Barbour





# the 2000s



Jack and Jill  
MICHELLE BECKER  
2001

Tangled gateway  
To one side stands me, Jill  
The other side - there you are - Jack  
There is no more water to carry  
and there are no more hills to run up  
We will not tumble down together  
We, us, together - partners in crime

You know it all, my patient scholar  
of how I tear myself into  
paper pieces of bone, flesh, blood  
The fear of you forgetting me  
like mothers who 'forget' newborns  
in garbage heaps and bathroom sinks  
I say how I can't be dear  
You, who have carried me over  
abusive quicksands and backstabbing moors  
I know...I do matter, to you at least but  
'bitch' rings forever in my head

You see, the others among us  
have me locked in this cage  
A dancing bear who juggles emotions  
as broken baubles are thrown at me  
like jeering stones of mirth and fuel  
and I would go and do my banshee cry  
in the dark, too afraid of  
them seeing my tears and  
hearing my wild boar gasps  
A sick animal with lolling tongue  
Eyes of mucus fixed on nothing

Will our troubles be known  
but lost over the distance  
as you cross the state line?  
Will our words be lost in precious  
phone calls and short but sweet emails?  
Distance, the snake that will  
Swallow itself inside-out  
Inside-out to let the poison out

Not me and you  
I want this to last  
We, us, together - partners in crime  
Forgive me for my doubts  
Keep me in spirit my scholar  
You are one of the few, the proud  
My comrade in arms



Drawing by Brandy Sejeck 2001

Up Close in the Distance  
PATRICK KERR  
2000

Sitting in the train station of the cosmic  
Waiting for the twelve o'clock-Sunday,  
Came down with a fever of sorts  
An essential symptom of the syndrome of disarray  
Blindness has hold of the bullets  
Senselessness, a function lent to misery  
I am left without understanding  
If we be prophets, pray and tell, where lay our prophecy  
scattered and torn, a deluge of scorn  
Falling into irreversible outer confrontation  
A ceaseless spiral never starting, only leading  
To some limitless internal transformation  
The benevolence of silent anger's magnet  
Is the substance of my armed imagination  
And wouldn't I make some differences somewhere  
Were my heart not in suspended animation  
If the sun has lost direction I could find it  
But not before the moon is kissing Venus  
Time is not an issue, just a seamless void  
It's this ocean of stars that's come between us  
Centuries of a microcosm's insight  
Lost to the wisdom of a butterfly's wings  
These twisters come on so furiously  
It's hard to care what tomorrow brings  
The drone of the ev'ryday is the struggle for meaning  
And there's a search for connection in the desolate sands  
Freezing in the shadows and searing in the light  
What's left of what collapses is left only to expand

The Empress  
ESTHER MARTINEZ  
2004

I have been wearing you  
like an empress in new clothes  
feeling naked for months,  
feeling nothing,  
the way one goes about the day  
ignoring the feeling of clothes on skin.

Watch

RAYMOND ANDREW GIBSON  
2002

There is no such thing as an easy breath;  
The ash of stars trickle across night and feel  
Time is a harem of hours fawning at death.

Clock hands, indecisive, forgetful, wrench,  
And because those hands obsessively reel  
There is no such thing as an easy breath.

Twice daily, the pageant passes, all dressed  
The same — for funeral or brothel — still wheel  
Those black hours fawning at central death.

Whether by an angel's hip-striking hands kept  
Or poison arrows to strike the half-hour & heel,  
There is never such a thing as an easy breath.

And that bible-black coven to make man retch  
With analog march, shadows stretched, keeps real  
Time: the sycophant hours wreathed on death.

Eyes can never tell how many suns are left  
By the very lights of dead stars they steal;  
There is no such thing as an easy breath  
When a harem of hours fawns at my death.

I have been wearing your love  
like a yellow raincoat,  
a bright distraction from the storm,  
tears like raindrops splashing  
into puddles pretending happiness.

I have been wearing hurt  
like my armor—  
my heart encased in shiny links  
of metal; it hides behind an  
impenetrable shield,  
on the other side of a great wall.



Lake of Peace  
ELIZABETH QUINN  
2002

Sprinklers, fueled by the lake, are finally off and a hush settles over the surrounding area. The freshly cut grass glistens with nourishing water, and the blazing red ixora all who behold it. A chorus of frogs croaks to the dawning day, and small lizards dart around the patio screen in a disjointed dance, every noise setting them in motion. Nearby, a grasshopper drills to the daybreak. The chaos of the morning routine will soon be over and I sip my morning coffee on the patio. I look to the lake to restore my inner peace amidst mayhem of the day.

The lake is quite narrow and appears to hug our backyard. My thick Cuban coffee and I witness the peaceful veneer. No ripple, no comment, just calm, quiet acceptance of the day. She embraces the warming sun, reflecting its brilliance in her calm, abiding way. Two young turtles clamber onto a rock by the water's edge, the happy couple surveying the quietude engulfing the area. On the far side, an almost fully-grown alligator dozes on the grassy bank. Only last week, he viciously attacked and slaughtered a neighbor's cherished cocker spaniel. He has eluded Florida Game and Fisheries for many months, taking refuge in deep waters. Lime green parakeets flutter around the bird feeder hanging on the peeling gumbo limbo tree. The birds echo the joy of morning as the water reflects the path of the sun.

As the morning grows older, a large army of charcoal storm clouds assemble to the south. The tempo of the wind increases, its voice becoming louder and stronger, its strength creating larger waves on the water. Birds are dipping in the howling, rushing air. The angry clouds advance on the lake, issuing thunderous war cries. Palm trees stand sentinel around the lake with huge fronds flailing, watching the onslaught. The fierce rain falls harshly, pounding the surface of the water. Lightning charges, striking without mercy, but is unable to shake the peace in the depth of her soul.

Afternoon draws on, the storm shrinking and retreating, seeing the futility of the assault. A whispering breeze massages the water, creating passive ripples. An imposing silver heron settles on the screen roof, his feathered crown bowing to the

passing wind. He secures his footing, his spindly legs belying his hunting prowess. Beaded eyes keenly observe the water. With finely honed reflexes, he dives for the kill. The lake holds the choicest meals for this skilled fisherman. Fish nibble at the insects dancing around the undulating surface. Vicious dragonflies swoop for food, enjoying a frenzied feast of smaller, unsuspecting insects. Their veined wings never rest, even for a moment. Myriads of tadpoles frantically seek protection among the water lilies and weeds dotted around the edge. The cycle of life dictates that only a few will see adulthood. The lake witnesses the impermanence of life for so many creatures and nourishes them all, living and dying, in her moist embrace.

The birds sing a final farewell as the fiery orb makes his dramatic finale. Peace is restored, accompanied by the orchestra of humming bugs. Once more she is still. The silver lady of the night rises slowly in modest glory, her rays exalting the harmony of nature. The celestial moonlight pierces the water, uniting clarity and peace. The illusion is utterly perfect. When I immerse myself in its beauty, there is no duality. All that is reflected in the lake is of the lake, and not separate. At last I understand her peace.

Curtains  
REBEKAH D. LASKAR  
2000

The stage told of its years by the musty smell of jazz shoes and sweat. There was new carpet, however, a heavy burgundy of soft shag. The lights were low, small samples of sun on an autumn afternoon.

Rehearsal. The flame was kindling within the lead eyes. Only soft. The chorus gathered behind, jagged pieces of thirsty oak ready to combust. I had already, several hours back, as the producer asked for more energy, and more dance, and more...

The floor, reflective ebony, distorted our images into sick imposters of humans. Cords and electrical lines fell in vines above our heads, gentle rushed listening intently. The words, timeless, were heard over the white noise of life. Soft whispers, giggles, the small crunch of pretzels being eaten, the beat of nervous hearts, feet fluttering across that impenetrable floor. These were the sounds of performance.

The faint perspiration occupied the molecules surrounding the actors like the blanketed South Florida air in mid-summer. The dancers stretched along a pale, dusty barre, toes stretched, gentle willow twigs. Torsos balanced in fluid motions. Their legs and fingers reached, thirsty plants towards one uniform sun, in time with the circling cosmos. I stood in back, trying to imitate that beauty.

The choreographer called our act with eyes bolted to his notes, a haughty melody gone flat (those half steps get you every time). We take our places; I stand mid-way (stage right). A line breaks the silence, forming a machete, finally breaking the last of my tension.

The music begins, and I turn my eyes on, a plastic light switch with its lettering long gone. My center leads, as I *pas de bourre*, faster and faster. Side-back-side (quick toes, now). A sulfurous charge fills the air, the oncoming storm brewing. Excitement taints my mouth, a thick molasses. My arms rise, second position, and I *balance* with taut thighs, pointed toes, center forward, and a brilliant smile.

Creeks resonate from deep within the dark corners of the theatre—sounding from the deep, back horizon in back. My attention is pulled there,

magnetized by that force. I concentrate, salty drops of sweat slide slowly down the sides of my face to the peaks of my lips. I taste them, ocean water. The other dancers do not sweat. Again, my green gaze follows the mysteries farthest from the stage.

Anything could thrive within those shadows, and that is what intrigues me. I dance faster with precision; dancing for the darkness. *Develloppe* back—farther, I pop my head to the downbeat and turn into a frenzied pirouette: toe pointed and follow through. Old theatre ghosts whisper across the stage, taking forms of the somber glow from the dim stage lights. The halo reaches unsubstantially, the wavering sigh of the street lamp on 48th and Everett.

My pupils bloom, black orchids, as I try to focus on those far depths of cabalism. Yet, I dance—as I only know to do. Swift *rond de jambe*, and turn (the shadow appears all around), then finish—*arabesque!*

I wait, chest high, for the shadow to follow. One toe planted, deep into the ebony sea, the other high behind, an expansive oak branch. My head dips into the curtsy, following the liquid movement. Again I glance, depths that encircle the shallow fluorescent beam. A quiet applause to follow, the soft parade of rainfall: *reverence*.





Bonnet House Bridge

Julie des Tombe, 2001



Sprites, Pixies, & Nymphs  
CHRISTIN DE LA ROSA  
2003

They are those mystical creatures who fly in the  
forest,  
Tiny and full of life.  
Creatures with magical powers  
only coming to a special few.

Tiny and full of life,  
their wings take them far,  
only coming to the special few  
granting their wishes come true.

Their wings take them far,  
as they glisten in the sun  
and grant their wishes come true  
to all those who believe.

As they glisten in the sun,  
they sprinkle fairy dust all around  
especially to those who believe.  
Enchanting and intriguing is what they are.

They sprinkle fairy dust all around,  
these creatures with magical powers.  
Enchanting and intriguing is what they are,  
those mystical creatures who fly in the forest.

Measuring Longing  
BRANDY SEJECK  
2001

Tracing the nylon seam of her wrist,  
I measure longing.  
Each stitch embroiders the fastened lip  
of a great chasm.  
Each stitch, a separate purpose.

She says she laid her tendons in a row,  
three shriveled lupine stalks.  
It didn't even hurt.

I imagine my own wrist open,  
sinew bulging chrysanthemum fat,  
blood the consistency of boiled milk,  
the nettle sting of life spouting  
straight as a column,  
a small, red geyser.

I do not bypass even the tiniest kernel of pain;  
it rasps against my bones,  
deformed millstones  
that crackle with motion.  
I listen for a purpose,  
but the sound tapers to an emery scratch.

Quietly, I count stitches,  
fingers learning each knot,  
an illegible Braille,  
knowing they somehow link with life...  
they somehow link with longing.

The Towers (9/11/01)  
ROBBY A. CASTELLANOS  
2003

The echo of a raindrop. Shaken by vibrations  
Taken from a moment, despite the celebration  
A requiem for those whose fate and faith collided  
Now comes a single tear from the flame someone ignited.  
The tumbling of towers, the shattering of glass,  
The rubble of disaster and the not so distant past.  
Faith is now in question. Safety now provoked  
Yet rising from the ashes like a phoenix through the smoke.  
Against the burning embers. Against the fall of power.  
Against the disappointment of the crumbling of the towers.  
When in the wicked light the angels felt a void  
And they noticed steps to heaven were demolished and destroyed  
By a cowardly shadow who refused to show their face  
Responsible for murdering the innocence of grace  
And shifting day to tragedy and night into despair  
By twisting truth between their teeth and taking chance on dares.  
In groups they came like vultures that hunted in a pack  
And took the unsuspecting, defenseless to attack.  
But light will touch those fallen ones who broke the sound of laughter  
And replaced it with the silence that would follow soon there after  
The towers will rebuild and the echoes will be heard  
In the sea of single tears and the dirge of silent words.

Red Snow  
DIANE LARSON  
2002

Battle of the Bulge - like an aneurysm it bursts  
to squirt sweet blood over white sheets of snow  
in the Ardennes Forest, December 1944, round  
after round of bursting artillery shells, deafening,  
incessant front line on fire in a battlefield more red  
than white. Cemetery crews hurry to collect and  
stack the dead like cordwood in a shed, without  
ceremony or body bags. GI's wrap in olive drab,  
huddle together to grab moments of broken sleep –  
the battle burns all around, but there's no warmth.  
They march past what's left of the dead, no stench,  
frozen, crumpled bodies, open, gaping wounds,  
armies in combat, hungry, dirty, cold soldiers  
in a war fought by young, worn-out soldiers.

Bones  
JAYSEN ELSKY  
2002

She likes bone  
calls them sticks  
evokes them like snakes  
like Mephistopheles  
in the garden

I throw sticks  
bones  
at the ground  
they lie with  
Whitman's hair  
dandruffed with  
candy rappers  
coins  
and  
condoms

They do not writhe  
I can count them  
one, two, three moments  
tragic-less  
without charm

Can I learn that trick  
in finishing school'?

I never  
finish  
anything.

# AFTERWORDS

The Junior College of Broward County opened its doors in 1960. In 1964, the first issue of *P'an Ku* appeared. Through the efforts of early pioneering faculty advisors, like Helen Anne Easterly and Betty Owen, the magazine flourished. Over the past 40 years, dedicated student staff members and faculty have been determined to continue its tradition of excellence while allowing and encouraging students to express themselves through both the visual and literary arts. At times, this has meant pushing the limits of what is often thought of as conventional or "acceptable" subjects, themes, and language. The college administration has always supported the efforts of its students. Though the works contained in this brief retrospective of the last 40 years may not be totally reflective of the times in which they were created, they do reflect the personalities and concerns of those who created them. Each artist was true to his or her artistic and creative vision. The motto of the magazine for many years has been that anyone who is endowed with creativity is possessed by the spirit of *P'an Ku*. May the spirit live for another 40 years.

## EDITORS

Julie Adams	2000
Vicki Ballentine	1971
Holly Baublitz	1998-1999
Michelle Becker	2000-2002
Susan Carr	1982
John Charlton	1966
Alexis Cohen	2003
Scott Coventry	1990-1991
Danay Escanaverino	1995
Susan R. Feldon	1979
Tracy Fritz	1996
Pamela Greenside	1994
Jennifer Hansen	1984
Gary A. Hogle	1964-1965
Judy Mathis Homan	1966-1967
Maggie Hoyal	1980
Ron Hines	2000
Marie Jennings	1991-1992
Mark Jetté	1992-1994
Ruth Lantzy	1972
Rebekah D. Laskar	2002
Mary Ellen Lo Bosco	1974
Janis Mara	1972-1973
Joe Miranti	1972
Zita McAfee	1968
Bryan L. McLane	1982
Frank Mitchell	1978
Russell Moore	1968-1969
Larissa Nash	2003-2004

Michael D. Newman	1966
Lisa Papa	1973
Lynn Parker	1974
Joanne Potanovic	1975
Krystine Ramos	1998
Shawn Reagan	1970
Rena Register	1995-1996, 1997
Melodie Rolling	1974-1975
David Rossi	1968
Sally Rudolph	1997
Marlena Rupp	1976-1977
Becky Ryals	1975
Ricky Smith	1999-2000
Shirley A. Stirnemann	1982

## ADVISORS

John Biays	1984
Dr. Michael Cleary	1982
Helen Anne Easterly	1964, 1965
Greg Eisman	1979, 1980
Dr. Patrick Ellingham	1990-2004
Trish Joyce	1982, 1984
Betty Owen	1966-1969 1970-1979 1982, 1984

## COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

Dr. Joe Rushing	1964-1965
Dr. Myron R. Blee	1966-1967
Dr. Hugh A. Adams	1968-1986
Dr. Willis N. Holcombe	1987-2004
Dr. Larry A. Calderon	2004-











